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The SPECTATOR.

Hic Vir, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſæpius audis. Virg.

MONDAY, *November* 15. 1714.

HAving lately preſented my Reader with a Copy of Verſes, full of the Falſe Sublime, I ſhall here communicate to him an excellent Specimen of the True. Tho' it hath not been yet publiſhed, the judicious Reader will readily diſcern it to be the Work of a Maſter: And if he hath read that noble Poem on *The Proſpect of Peace*, he will not be at a Loſs to gueſs at the Author.

WHEN Brunſwick firſt appear'd, each honeſt Heart,
Intent on Verſe, diſdain'd the Rules of Art;
For Him the Songſters, in unmeaſur'd Odes,
Debas'd *Alcides*, and dethron'd the Gods,
In Golden Chains the Kings of *India* led,
Or rent the Turban from the *Sultan*'s Head.
One, in old Fables, and the *Pagan* Strain,
With *Nymphs* and *Tritons*, wafts him o'er the Main;
Another draws fierce *Lucifer* in Arms,
And fills th' Infernal Region with Alarms;
A Third awakes ſome *Druid* to foretel
Each future Triumph from his dreary Cell:
Exploded Fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the Mind nauſeates what ſhe can't believe.
My artleſs Muſe the Hero ſhall purſue
From Clime to Clime, and keep him ſtill in View:
His ſhining March deſcribe in faithful Lays,
Content to paint him, nor preſume to praiſe;
Their Charms, if Charms they have, the Truth ſupplies,
And from the Theme unlabour'd Beauties riſe.

By longing Nations for the Throne deſign'd,
And call'd to guard the Rights of Human-kind;
With ſecret Grief his God-like Soul repines,
And *Britain*'s Crown with joyleſs Luſtre ſhines,
While Prayers and Tears his deſtin'd Progreſs ſtay,
And Crowds of Mourners choak their Sovereign's Way,
Not ſo he march'd, when hoſtile Legions ſtood
In Scenes of Death, and ſe'd his generous Blood;
When his hot Courſer paw'd th' *Hungarian* Plain,
And adverſe Legions ſtood the Shock in vain.

His Frontiers paſt, the *Belgian* Bounds he views,
And croſs the level Fields his March purſues.
Here pleas'd the Land of Freedom to ſurvey,
He greatly ſcorns the Thirſt of boundleſs Sway.
O'er the thin Soil, with ſilent Joy he ſpies
Tranſplanted Woods, and borrow'd Verdure riſe;
Where every Meadow won with Toil and Blood,
From haughty Tyrants, and the raging Flood,
With Fruits and Flowers the careful Hand ſupplies,
And cloathes the Marſhes in a rich Diſguiſe.
Such Wealth for frugal Hands doth Heaven decree,
And ſuch thy Gifts, Celeſtial Liberty!

Through ſtately Towns, and many a fertile Plain,
The Pomp advances to the neighb'ring Main.
Whole Nations crowd around with joyful Cries,
And view the Hero with inſatiate Eyes.

In *Haga*'s Towers he waits, till Eaſtern Gales
Propitious riſe to ſwell the *Britiſh* Sails.
Hither the Fame of *England*'s Monarch brings
The Vows and Friendſhips of the neighb'ring Kings;
Mature in Wiſdom, His extenſive Mind
Takes in the blended Int'reſts of Mankind,
The World's great Patriot. Calm thy anxious Breaſt,
Secure in Him, O *Europe* take thy Reſt;
Henceforth thy Kingdoms ſhall remain confin'd
By Rocks or Streams, the Mounds which Heav'n deſign'd;
The *Alps* their new-made Monarch ſhall reſtrain,
Nor ſhall thy Hills, *Pirene*, riſe in vain.

But ſee! to *Britain*'s Iſle the Squadrons ſtand,
And leave the ſinking Towers, and leſſening Land.
The Royal Bark bounds o'er the floating Plain,
Breaks thro' the Billows, and divides the Main.
O'er the vaſt Deep, Great Monarch, dart thine Eyes,
A watry Proſpect bounded by the Skies:
Ten thouſand Veſſels from Ten thouſand Shores
Bring Gums and Gold, and either *India*'s Stores:
Behold

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chold the Tributes haſtening to thy Throne,
And ſee the wide Horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the chearful Crew
Hail *Albion's* Cliffs, juſt whitening to the View.
Before the Wind with ſwelling Sails they ride,
Till *Thames* receives them in his opening Tide.
The Monarch hears the thundering Peals around,
From trembling Woods and ecchoing Hills rebound;
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening Train,
The Roarings of the hoarſe-reſounding Main.

As in the Flood he ſails, from either Side
He views his Kingdom in its rural Pride;
A various Scene the wide-ſpread Landskip yields,
O'er rich Encloſures and luxuriant Fields:
A lowing Herd each fertile Paſture fills,
And diſtant Flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand Hills.
Fair *Greenwich* hid in Woods, with new Delight,
(Shade above Shade) now riſes to the Sight.
His Woods ordain'd to viſit every Shore,
And guard the Iſland which they grac'd before.

The Sun now rowling down the Weſtern Way,
A Blaze of Fires renews the fading Day;
Unnumber'd Barks the Regal Barge infold,
Brightning the Twilight with its beamy Gold;
Leſs thick the ſinny Shoals, a countleſs Fry,
Before the Whale or kingly Dolphin fly.
In one vaſt Shout he ſeeks the crowded Strand,
And in a Peal of Thunder gains the Land.

Welcome, great Stranger, to our longing Eyes,
Oh! King deſir'd, adapted *Albion* cries.
For Thee the Eaſt breath'd out a gentle Breeze,
Bright were the Suns, and gently ſwell'd the Seas.
Thy Preſence did each doubtful Heart extirpate,
And Millions wonder'd how they came were Faces;
The ſame their Aſpect, and their Voice the ſame.

So two fair Twins, whoſe Features were deſign'd
At one fair Moment in the Mother's Mind,
Show each the other, with reflected Grace,
And the ſame Beauties bloom in either Face;
The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire,
Delufion grateful to the ſmiling Sire.

From that fair * Hill, where hoary Sages boaſt
To name the Stars, and count the heavenly Hoſt,
By the next Dawn doth great *Auguſta* riſe,
Proud Town! the nobleſt Scene beneath the Skies.
O'er *Thames* her thouſand Spires their Luſtre ſhed,
And a vaſt Navy hides his ample Bed,
A floating Forreſt. From the diſtant Strand
A Line of golden Cars ſtrikes o'er the Land:
Britannia's Peers in Pomp and rich Array,
Before their King, triumphant, lead the Way.
Far as the Eye can reach, the gawdy Train,
A bright Proceſſion, ſhines along the Plain.

So haply through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs Ways
A Comet draws a long-extended Blaze;
From Eaſt to Weſt he burns th'ethereal Frame,
And Half Hear'n's Convex glitters with the Flame.

Now to the Regal Towers ſecurely brought,
He plans *Britannia's* Glories in his Thought;
Reſumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,
Rewards the Faithful, and reſtores the Brave.
Whom ſhall the Muſe from out the ſhining Throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her Song?
Thee, *Halifax*. To thy capacious Mind,
O Man approv'd, is *Britain's* Wealth confign'd.
Her Coin (while *Naſſau* fought) debaſe and rude,
By Thee in Beauty and in Truth renew'd,
An arduous Work! Again thy Charge we ſee,
And thy own Care once more returns to Thee.
O! form'd in every Scene to awe and pleaſe,
Mix Wit with Pomp, and Dignity with Eaſe:
Tho' call'd to ſhine aloft, thou wilt not ſcorn
To ſmile on Arts thy ſelf did once adorn:
For this thy Name ſucceeding Times ſhall praiſe,
And envy leſs thy Garter, than thy Bays.

The Muſe, if fir'd with thy enlivening Beams,
Perhaps ſhall aim at more exalted Themes,
Record our Monarch in a nobler Strain,
And ſing the opening Wonders of his Reign;
Bright CAROLINA's heavenly Beauties trace,
Her valiant Conſort, and his blooming Race.
A Train of Kings their fruitful Love ſupplies,
A glorious Scene to *Albion's* raviſh'd Eyes;
Who ſees by BRUNSWICK's Hand her Sceptre ſway'd,
And through his Line from Age to Age convey'd.

* Flamſtead's-*Houſe*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Juſt Publiſhed,

A Letter to the Author of the Hiſtory of the Lutheran Church, from a Country School-Boy, one of the Mouth of very Babes and Sucklings, Luk. xxiii. Strength, becauſe of thine Enemies, that thou mayeſt the Enemy and the Avenger. Pſal. 8. ver. 2. Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-Hall.

For the Good of the Publick.

Whereas ſeveral Gentlewomen, and others of that Sex in this Kingdom, have addicted themſelves to evil Ways of Living, wherein their Inclinations or ſelf-intereſt brought the Scandal, come at length to be lodged in one Parcel or another, and many times for Cauſes too long here to be mentioned, are thrown down upon the Ward, occaſioning a dangerous Weakneſs in that Part, which being neglected, or ill reſtored, is often extreamly and often proves fatal. I cure the Sickneſs when given over by all other Perſons. This is to acquaint all Perſons in any ſuch Occaſion, that a ſpeedy Relief is to be had from an experienced Widow, dwelling now at the Sign of the Queen's Arms, a Goldſmith's, near Exeter Exchange in the Strand, who perform'd a Cure upon a Lady at the Bath, after the was given over by Phyſicians, and ſince has cured ſeveral Gentlewomen and others in the City and Suburbs of London.

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So long celebrated for curing Convulſions, Apoplexies, Palſies, Head-Aches, Vapours, and all Nervous Diſtempers, Infants Fits inſtantly, though hereditarily mortal to whole Families before, as was experimentally by Mr. Jones's Child at the Weſt-Back in Cannon-ſtreet, and two Children of Squire Bence's in Weſtminſter, and other manifeſted Teſtimonies. It is of admirable Uſe to refine the Blood, as the Conſtitution requires from Scorbutick and ſudden Death, for hard Drinkers and thoſe that uſe much Exercise. It is ſold in [illegible] and Half Crown Bottles, with a Book of its Vertues and Directions, at Mr. Newton's Watch-maker in Fleet-ſtreet, and Allcroft's in Cornhill, Temple, and no where elſe.

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